A signe of dignity, a garish flag,
To be the aime of euery dangerous shot,
A Queene in iest, onely to fill the sceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein dost thou ioy?
Who sues to thee, and cries, God saue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art,
For happy wife, a most distressed widdow;
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name;
For Queene, a very catife, crownd with care;
For one being sued too, one that humbly sues;
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that scornd at me, now scornd of me.
Thus hath the course of iustice whel'd about,
And left me but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more being what thou art,
Thou didst vsurpe my place, and dost thou not
Vsurpe the iust proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burdened yoake:
From which, euen here, I slip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorkes* wife, and Queene of sad mischance,
These English woes will make me smile in *France*,
Qu. O thou well skild in curses, stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.
Q.Mar. Forbeare to sleepe the night, and fast the day,
Compare deaths happinesse with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that slew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy losse make the bad cause worser,
Reuoluing this will teach thee how to curse.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Q.M. Thy woes will make them sharp, & pierce like mine
Dut. Why should calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*
Q. Windy atturnies to your clients woes,
Aiery succeeders of intestate ioyes,
Poore

Poore breathing orators of m
Let them haue scope, though
Helpe not all, yet do they ease
Dut. If so then be not toung
And in the breath of bitter w
My damned sonne, which th
I heare his Drum, be copious
Enter King Richard, mar
and Tru
King. Who intercepts my ex
Dut. A she, that might haue
By strangling thee in her accur
From all the slaughters wretc
Qu. Hast thou that forehea
Where should be grauen, if t
The slaughter of the Prince t
And the dire death of my tw
Tell me thou villaine slaue, v
Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, w
And little *Ned* Plantagenet,
Qu. Where is kind *Hastin*
King. A flourish Trumpets,
Let not the heauens heare th
Rayle on the Lords Anoynted
Eyther be patient, and intrea
Or with the clamorous report
Thus will I drownd your exc
Dut. Art thou my sonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my
Dut. Then patiently heare
King. Maddam I haue a tou
Which cannot brooke the acc
Dut. I will be mild and ge
King. And briefe good mo
Dut. Art thou so hastie, I
God knows in anguish, pain
King. And came I not at
Dut. No by the holy rood
Thou camst on earth, to make

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37